

October 1889						
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Dickey County Leader.

ELLENDALE, DICKEY COUNTY, NORTH DAKOTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1889.

er. BIG SENSATION SPOILED.

Villard Credited with the Gigantic Scheme of Forming a Trunk Line From Ocean to Ocean.

The B. and O. to Form the Eastern Link—The Whole Story Denied by B. and O. Officials.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 10.—A special to The Pioneer Press from Milwaukee says: A private letter, written by President Polby, of the Wisconsin Central, to one of the stockholders of the Northern Pacific railway.

perhaps 5,000 of them down the Potomac to visit Alexandria, Fort Foote and—that Mecca of all strangers arriving here—Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. The attractions of Arlington Heights and the national cemetery there, the soldiers' home, Cabin Johns bridge, Rep Top and other suburban and outlying interesting or historical places has taken hundreds of them away from the city. The Templar programme for the day calls for a grand exhibition drill by several of the crack commandries; excursions down the Potomac tendered by the president to sir knights and their ladies. Elaborate preparations have been made for this event at the mansion, and a brilliant gathering is expected.

WILL DIE BY ELECTRICITY.

The New New York Execution Law is Constitutional—Kemmler to be the First Victim.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Judge Day

MAY MEET ON TUESDAY.

South Dakota Legislature Can Convene Then with Nearly a Full Membership.

Reports Sent Out from Pierre to the Contrary Based on a Misunderstanding.

Nebraska Republicans Nominate a Supreme Judge—Hill's Gift to Minneapolis—The Northwest.

ST. PAUL, Oct. 9.—A Pierre

soon after moved over the inaugural parade route, passing in review before the president at the executive mansion. The departments of the government and the public schools were all closed at noon and business is entirely suspended for the day. Over 20,000 plumed knights were in the parade, and their appearance brought forth great enthusiasm and applause.

KNIGHTS IN CONCLAVE.

Iowa Troubles Loom Up from the Start—Delegates from That State Excluded.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The grand encampment of Knights Templar began its session immediately upon arriving at Masonic temple at the close of the parade. Mr. Myron M. Parker delivered an address of welcome on the part of the local committee, and introduced District Commissioner Douglass, who welcomed the Knights in behalf of the city. To both addresses Grand Master Roome responded and this closed the public exer-

STATISTICS OF DISASTER

Immense Amount of Shipping Wrecked Off England and Ireland.

Villages of Sardinia Leveled by Cyclone—Havoc of Floods in Japan.

Lakes Ontario and Huron Visited by Disastrous Gales—Several Lives Lost.

LONDON, Oct. 8.—A terrific gale prevails throughout Great Britain and Ireland. It is particularly severe along the Dover Mersey. Much damage has been

servative coalition has been final tured. The Gaulois (Conservative) the Conservatives worked with the langists to obtain a revision of stitution. That measure is b the Conservatives will now res liberty of action. The Soleil (Orleanist) says it Gen. Boulanger as good as d A council of the ministers the Elysee and it was decided the chambers in the first vember.

Must Hang for R

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 7. the Boyle rape case return guilty, after being out th Judge Armfield sentence to be hanged, but pend the sentence, granted a supreme court of the s a dramatic speech d posing counsel, and a dict to prejudice. H that he was applauded

Four More C

The following essay was delivered by Miss Hattie Conser, of this city, before the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U., of Dakota, at Yankton, some weeks since:

Fellow laborers, co-workers and counsellors: I would regard it the boldest presumption to appear before you, if we were not told by the highest authority that in the conflict for the truth and right the weak shall confound the mighty, the still small voice be as potent as the words of the eloquent orator, and that "one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." We are here as co-workers with a definite object in view. Many of us, young in years and experience, have come to learn lessons from wiser heads and braver hearts, that we may return and teach others something of that higher life which we hope to reach.

We feel that purity and harmony and zeal and hope are here. That vanity and pride and ostentation are absent. That "heart within and God o'er head" we're ready for the conflict before us. I still feel impressed that I ought not to occupy the time of the many able expounders of the principles which underlie our work. But if I can throw one small pebble to help disturb and purify the stagnant waters I shall be glad.

Human nature is a riddle and many philosophers have been trying to guess the riddle instead of solving it. The riddle of the ages may be thus stated: "To know the wrong and yet the wrong pursue." Can it not truthfully be said of our modern world that we know the wrong and yet most persistently cling to it? This is the worst feature of our frail, human nature. From this it follows that to reform any society of any evil, it is first necessary to enlighten the judgment, and next, to secure obedience to that enlightened judgment by proper legislation. We believe that prohibition of the liquor traffic has reached this second stage. The enlightened sentiment of our society believes the traffic is wrong, and we are here to help carry that sentiment into practical effect. But where and to whom shall we go for instruction? Shall we ask our enemies where we may camp and pitch our tents? Will they not advise us in harmony with their designs and in-

practical effect. But where and to whom shall we go for instruction? Shall we ask our enemies where we may camp and pitch our tents? Will they not advise us in harmony with their designs and interests, and then if we heed them, they will surround us and take us captive at their will. We have the wisdom of the wise guarded by the lamp of experience to teach us. We have reason to rejoice that we are not groping in the dark in our work, like our friends of forty years ago.

Our cause has developed a history and a literature rich in noble deeds and soul sacrifices. The oppressed have been relieved, the cheek of sorrow smoothed, the pang of disappointed hope removed, the naked clothed, the sick and imprisoned visited, the tear of grief wiped off, the wrongs of brutish force redressed, the wail of woe turned to song, and the noble impulses of the soul aroused to greater sacrifices and nobler deeds. Such has been our work and such is the work before us. Deep seated in the organization of our civilization are the contending forces of vice and virtue. Sad is the condition of society in which vice has the mastery; and happy is that society where virtue holds the ascendancy over vice. The mission of the W. C. T. U., the church and the law, is to secure and preserve this ascendancy. But we must not forget the lessons of history prominent among which, that evil is cumulative. Remember the twenty, timid, frightened, ignorant heathen, with dark faces, taken from a vessel at Jamestown two hundred and fifty years before Gettysburg. The subject which has called us together has a history equally as instructive.

The world was comparatively free from

dangerous intoxicants and drunkenness for five thousand years. Fermentation was the only means known for producing intoxicating drinks.

In the eleventh century an Arabian woman, by the name of Hagar, discovered the art of distillation. History does not say whether she belonged to the W. C. T. U. or not. The presumption is she did not. Fortunate would it have been for this generation had her discovery died with her. The discovery was considered a great thing for humanity. The physicians and alchymists of the time called it "*aqua vitae*"—the water of life.

One enthusiast declared the "distilled essence to be an emanation of divinity, an element newly revealed to man, but hidden from antiquity because the human race was then too young to need this beverage, and that it was destined to revive the energies of modern decrepitude." O! the blindness of poor human nature. This "distilled water of life" was used extensively by the doctors of southern Europe during the twelfth century. It was soon introduced into England and found favor in the eyes of the king and his royal courtiers.

The new discovery had in it the element of money making. It fastened itself like a leech, by degrees, upon the body politic. As the years passed, improvements were made not only in its mode of production, but in its adulteration as well, until we have to-day a "water of life" which benumbs and threatens to neutralize all the vitalizing energies of our modern civilization. It hurls into the gulf of dismal death, sixty thousand yearly, who were created in the image of God. It makes suffering general and happiness exceptional. It stands in the way of all virtue and all reform. It corrupts every phase of our political life and makes popular government a myth. In brief it is an "abomination of desolation standing where it ought not." It is for the voting citizens of four sovereign commonwealths to determine within a few days, whether this abnormal nondescript departs from christian civilization or shall have a welcome and permanent abode with them. It seems to me that if a million and a half of people, having the history of the world before

that if a million and a half of people, having the history of the world before their eyes, and having been instructed in [the able teachings of the wise and prudent of the ages past, and having learned the principles of the christian religion from the mothers knee, and living within the glorious halo of illumination which characterizes the close of the nineteenth century, and holding in the hand a free and untrammelled ballot, should vote for perpetuating the saloon, we had better at once erect a shrine in honor of Bacchus, and inscribe upon every stripe, and beneath every star—"vox populi vox diaboli." I have said that human nature is a riddle. It is more than a riddle, it is an absurdity. How are we to account for that little incident of history which has just taken place before our eyes? A great commonwealth, proud of its honor, its wealth, its schools, its morality, its religion, and its political standing, selects seventy-five men for the purpose of framing a code of fundamental laws, designed to do the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of the people, and to be an enduring monument of wisdom. These seventy-five men were selected for their wisdom, experience, integrity, knowledge and virtue. They all claimed to be both temperate and temperance men. They all took an oath to faithfully perform the duties required of them to the best of their knowledge and ability. These seventy-five men knew perfectly what our saloon system is, and the character of the persons who support them.

their knowledge and ability. These seventy-five men knew perfectly what our saloon system is, and the character of the persons who support them. They knew they were not law abiding citizens—yes, they knew they were habitual and professional law breakers. Knowing all of this these seventy-five men almost, unanimously, voted for granting that criminal element of our society, the privilege of employing all their nefarious arts—their whiskey, their money, and their lies to deceive the voter, and corrupt the ballot for the purpose of securing in the fundamental law the privilege of perpetually corrupting society. We fear they will secure the privilege. In view of such work where are we to look for the morality, virtue and christianity of which we boast so much? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Let us look for a moment upon the work of another convention. More than two months before the political and christian virtue of North Dakota assembled at Bismarck, the distillers, brewers and whiskey venders of the nation held a convention in the city of Detroit. The spacious hall in which they assembled was most gorgeously decorated. "Purple and fine linen" was the general order, and its members literally "fared sumptuously every day." This convention also represented a constituency. The business of their consistency was to corrupt every influence and hinder every effort intended to elevate society. As a text for their deliberations they inscribed upon the pure background of the frescoed walls these startling words: "A million boys for the whiskey traffic." They masqueraded under no hypocritical disguise. They did not profess to represent morality, virtue, or christianity. They knew their business, and they knew the world knew it, and they knew as well that what they asked would be granted. They knew that when they asked for a million of boys for the whiskey traffic, there would come a quick and hearty response from the broad bosom of our warm, sympathetic and christian society: "Yes, we grant your request, we are not only willing to give you a million but ten million boys for your traffic." May I ask how did the whiskey venders of the United States know that such a demand would be willingly met? It seems to me that the only answer that can be given to this question is,—that they knew that human nature is a riddle and they had guessed the riddle. Or they acted upon the belief that the professed morality, philanthropy, and christianity of the age is hypocritical and mythical. It may be claimed that a community is ex-

had guessed the riddle. Or they acted upon the belief that the professed morality, philanthropy, and christianity of the age is hypocritical and mythical. It may be claimed that a community is excusable on the ground that "mankind is more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than right themselves by abolishing the usages to which they are accustomed." If such is the case what is needed is a "Peter the hermit" with bare feet and uncovered head to walk through the length and breadth of the land, uttering his loud cry against the unholy sacrilege of the Saracen. That Saracen which tramples beneath his feet the seats of justice, and spurns with contempt the sacred altars of religion, and thrusts his broad brazen face into every legislative counsel and masters men and parties with the will of a despot. We need a Gabriel's trumpet to arouse the latent sensibilities of a drowsy people, and to sound the notes of warning in our leader's ears that the moral forces of society are becoming unbalanced, and vice is gaining the ascendancy over virtue. If our country has sunken into a political and moral stupor, let us "be up and doing with a heart for any fate" and rouse it up. Let the pulpit stir itself. Let the true statesman come forward and give to the public the warning lessons of history. Let the voice of the eloquent orator be heard in the land, and let us all cloth ourselves with the armor of truth, put on the breast plate of righteousness, and holding with a firm grasp the double edged word of the spirit, let us

"Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for our altars and our fires,
Strike for the green graves of our sires,
God, and our native land."

I have spoken of two conventions. I must briefly refer to a third. More than three months before the meeting of the whiskey venders of the nation at Detroit, there was a previous convention held which gave direction to the succeeding ones. This convention to which I refer was composed of representatives from the salubrious precincts of *hades*. Their place of meeting was within the dingy sulphur smeared walls of pandemonium—the council hall of the fallen angels. His satanic majesty presided. When order was secured, one of the *diabol* arose and said—"Whereas the middle world between heaven and *hades* is still within our control; and whereas, we all realize the truth of the saying that "misery loves company,"therefor; Resolv-

ed that we make a requisition upon the middle world for a million more companions to mutually share our misery with us." The resolution was carried unanimously. A second *diaboli* arose and gravely remarked, "I have recently received information from the middle world, that there is soon to be a large gathering of our friends at Detroit. I therefore move that we appoint them our agents to procure for us the full quota we demand." The motion prevailed. A third speaker with vengeance upon his brow and sparks flashing from his eyes, jumps to his feet and says: "I hear that in the middle world, at Bismarck, in North Dakota, there is going to be a gathering. It is intimated there is danger that they will attempt to oppose our work. I therefore move that the convention at Bismarck be instructed to let our work alone; and that they be further instructed to throw no hinderance in the way of our friends at Detroit." This motion was carried by a rising vote, when the whole infernal regions rose to their feet. This drawing is in strict harmony with Miltonian theology, and the sequel of it all is, the schemes of the demons of hades, and the schemes of the distillers of Detroit, and the schemes of the constitution makers at Bismarck exactly coincide; and a million, bright, intelligent boys are handed over to be immolated upon the altar of Bacchus. We are here to-day to enter our most solemn protest against this sacrifice. We, the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union, have a very different and a nobler purpose in view concerning the million boys. Is it unreasonable that we should at this time appeal to the manhood of these two great states to save these boys? We must look to the young and vigorous states of the west to take the lead in this matter. The stolid east gives us no hope. In 1791 Pennsylvania raised the first brazen front of rebellion against the power of the infant government, for the purpose of resisting the collection of a tax upon whiskey. In 1889 the same state says by 200,000 majority that whiskey still governs it. Massachusetts and Rhode Island tell the same story. It is difficult to change the settled habits of old societies. More than thirty years

tax upon whiskey. In 1889 the same state says by 200,000 majority that whiskey still governs it. Massachusetts and Rhode Island tell the same story. It is difficult to change the settled habits of old societies. More than thirty years ago young Kansas with the daring of a mighty giant, said to Congress, and to the Supreme Court and to the president and to the army and navy of the United States. "To my borders only shall the dark wave of slavery come and there shall its proud wave be stayed" There it was stayed, and the rebound of that wave wiped the dark stain from the constitution and the codes of the United States and all the states. Thirty years later that young giant, having grown to manhood, resolved to thrust rum from its borders, and in doing so put in motion another wave which has already reached the Mississippi, and rolling east, west, north and south, and is destined to submerge all the states. The young vigorous, growing west must be depended upon to give direction and force to this reform. Are the young twin Dakotas going to take a stand on the side of the opposing forces; or will they join hand in hand with that noble band on the march to a higher life and a noble end? Shall we imitate Pennsylvania, or Kansas? Shall we take counsel from the demon clans, the unsavory slums and the vicious hords; or shall we follow the leadership of such as Father Mathew, John B. Gough and Francis E. Willard.